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ON MINOT LIGHT

By Joseph Lewis French.

I must keep vigil though the ages mock.
What though Time's finger point the awful snows
Of dim, dead years where no fruition glows,—
Still must I, firmer than this rock
That hath for centuries withstood the shock
Of storms that break in everlasting throes,
A beacon light amid the deep's stark woes,
My purpose hold to guide perdition's flock.

A pain to Fame, a changeling of the stars,
"A light to dead men and dark hours"—I share
The secret of the spheres, and though I wane
As doth the moon, the hours, the sunlight's bars,
Still fare I singing wheresoever I fare,
A ray to light Hope's everlasting lane!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

THE British government persists in its blind refusal to learn the lesson of history. It continues the stupid persecution of the Suffragettes, unmindful that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

History repeats itself. Grigori Gershuni, the great Russian revolutionist, threw this terrible indictment in the face of his judges: "Your government has committed many crimes against the people. But the crime for which humanity can never forgive you is that you forced the noblest sons and daughters of Russia to resort to murder."

To-day the soul-cry of Gershuni is echoed by awakening English womanhood. It is highly significant that the leader of the Suffragettes, Mrs. Parkhurst, is moved to utter the following words:

"The government compels us to use force, since the only alternative is impotence and the continual reign of tyranny over women. The cry that we are alienating the sympathy of the public does not influence us, because the sympathy of the public thus far has done nothing, or it would have elevated British women above the political level of the idiot, the pauper, and the felon.

"The crimes committed against the women imprisoned in Birmingham are horrible. It is an outrage to gag with feeding tubes our powerless co-workers for woman's enfranchisement. How pathetic, as well as execrable, is the effort to murder the spirit of womanhood by using violence against a few individuals who are the incarnation of that spirit."

The atrocities of Tsardom have transformed the early Russian liberals into active terrorists. Great Britain is educating its Suffragettes into conscious revolutionists.

The value of the vote, for men or women, is open to discussion. At any rate, votes are not so good as knowledge. And the British women are learning—if not the value of the vote, at least the true character of government.

The women of England will win. Give me a womankind with their hearts and souls in a cause, and that cause will be won—won without a vote.

ACCORDING to the report of the Commissioners of Prisons crime is on the increase in Great Britain. In 1908 the number of offenses in the United Kingdom was 176,602, while this year the total has grown to 184,901. In the agricultural districts there is recorded an increase of 25 per cent. in vagrancy. In other words, the current year has added one more to every four offenders charged with the crime of "begging and sleeping out." This is a sombre record, indeed. A terrible effect like this could have been produced only by some monstrous cause.

Concurrent with the above report we learn that the army of the unemployed in England is swelling to alarming proportions. Hundreds of thousands of men—most of them the sole supporters of families of six or seven—are finding that "there is nothing for them to do." The places where they were wont to give up ten hours or more of their daily life, for the sake of a miserable pittance, have been shut in their faces. "The Moore had done his duty." Let him perish.

It requires no extraordinary mental effort to understand the relation of the unemployed army toward the increase in crime.

* * *

THE City of New York offered a gala spectacle during the week of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. Everything was made to appear gay and show a happy look. If the visitors knew what efforts the city fathers made for their reception they would probably feel thankful for what they did not see as much as for what they did see. A few days before the beginning of the festivities about a hundred and fifty men were railroaded to the workhouse. No crime was charged against them, except that they were unemployed and homeless. They might prove an offensive sight to the happy merrymakers.

One is reminded of a similar custom prevalent in feudal Europe. When the King was to pass, the peasants along the route were ordered to dress in their best and greet their master with song and dance, in order that the King and his guests should gain the impression of a land flowing with milk and honey. That was long ago.

To-day we boast a civilization of electricity and subways. But have we really made any progress since the days of feudalism?

To well-fed respectability, lolling in an automobile, the sight of a haggard and hungry man is somewhat disquieting. But to those possessed of a heart the prison will not suggest itself as the proper remedy.

* * *

AS if to add insult to the injury of an outraged public, the Aldermen of New York City adopted a resolution congratulating the police department on its efficient work during the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

In reality the complaints of the maltreated and abused public became so numerous that even police-friendly papers have been forced to admit that for absolute mismanagement, general discomfort, the mauling and slugging of tens of thousands, the day of "pleasure" could not be matched in the annals of similar events. The celebration was a sickening spectacle of police brutality practised upon a proud, sovereign people too cowed by the sight of a uniform to resist.

There has never been a more complete demonstration of the abject servility of the people and the absolute supremacy of their masters. The rights of the public were entirely disregarded. City property was used, in the most open and shameless manner, for private graft by the "servants" of the people. The visitors were unmercifully exploited by sharp business men enjoying political pull. And labor, which toiled and sweated overtime to make the celebration possible, was absolutely ignored in the scheme of the fêtes. Nay, more; the creators of all the pomp and pageant, the feeders of the millions of visitors, were forced to remain at their daily grind while their masters wined and dined.

One cannot help wondering what degree of tyranny a people must be made to suffer before rising in rebellion against their oppressors.

* * *

IT is interesting to note the superior results achieved by the free play of human effort as compared with activity regulated by some central authority.

The feeding of a large city like New York—day in, day out—is a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon. But

when it is called upon to provide food for an addition of almost two million people to its own enormous population, the accomplishment of the task would seem almost miraculous. Yet it is done, easily and quietly, and but few ever stop to consider who does it and how.

When a few thousand militiamen are put in the field, the problem which confronts the commissariat department receives the most careful consideration of trained experts, and only too often those experts fail in their efforts to bring men and food together for three scanty meals a day. A city, on the contrary, puts responsibility on nobody, and yet the food comes to it with amazing regularity and certainty. What nobody could plan somehow plans itself by an apparently automatic working of the law of supply and demand.

Feeding a city is a larger matter than feeding an army of the same size. The soldiers have to be content with the plainest and scantiest fare. The city demands far exceed the mere necessaries of life, yet it is accomplished: unappointed commissaries attend to all wants, without central direction, without supervision of any sort.

These miracles of human ingenuity and effort are a matter of everyday experience. How convincingly they prove that man's industry is equal to all possible demands upon it. And, further, that no task is too stupendous to be accomplished by mutual need and co-operation.

To-day this end is achieved by the play of activities based on personal gain. Hence the terrible conflict of interests, the exploitation of man by man with its attendant misery and evils. How much more satisfactorily and completely the same purpose could be accomplished by the free co-operation of *solidaric* interests.

* * *

MOST people fail to realize the tremendous rôle the spirit of authority plays in the lives of men and nations.

The working of this pernicious virus paralyzes reason. Under its influence apparently rational beings will, at the command of a "superior," turn murderers, vieing with each other in the slaughter of their fellow-men.

The half-truth of economic determinism fails to give a

satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. It can be fully accounted for only by the fact of inoculation with the poison of patriotism, obedience, and self-sacrifice, at home, in school, by Church and State.

If the Fulton-Hudson celebration served no other purpose, it at last afforded the soldiers and sailors of the different nations an opportunity to fraternize for a day. That these friendly relations are not permanent is surely not the fault of the deluded victims of prejudice and superstition, of false education and exploitation.

* * *

OF all the floats in the Hudson-Fulton parade, the one depicting the Zenger Trial* seemed the strangest. Familiar as we are with monster greyhounds, like the Mauretania, the Half Moon looks quite natural in the perspective of three hundred years. But for a man to be prosecuted for free speech—why, 'tis the history of the present. How came they to be so far ahead of their time?

If the shades of the long-departed colonists were to return to earth, they would with difficulty recognize the place of their former abode. That, however, does not apply to the government officials and police of 1733. These would be loath to believe their long sleep, so little change would they find in the tyrannical suppression of free expression.

* * *

THE most potent rebel is free speech.

Speech is free only in the service of the Dominant Lie. But at the birth of the New Truth free speech is outlawed.

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* John Peter Zenger, publisher of the *Weekly Journal,* was tried in November, 1733, for attacking, in print, the administration of Governor Cosby. Zenger demanded the unconditioned right of free speech.

THE EVOLUTION OF ANARCHIST THEORIES

By A. Z.

WE shall attempt to review in this brief sketch the theoretical development of Anarchism by describing the ideas whence Anarchist thought originated and the manner in which the various modern schools of Anarchism gradually developed. We shall therefore leave out of consideration all general historical discussions, biographic and literary data, and the external history of the movement.

There never lacked men to advocate subtle projects of governmental organization and regulation of production and consumption,—so called Utopians, the forerunners of modern State Socialism, which is still retaining in all its essential characteristics the stamp of its source.

But there were also those who cherished liberty above governmentally organized happiness. They were not terrified by the thought of a society in which individual tendencies and inclinations have full sway, relying on liberty to serve as a safety valve in maintaining social equilibrium and individual welfare.

It was but natural that these thinkers should strenuously emphasize the standpoint of Individualism—personal liberty and autonomy—without attempting to formulate finally the economic bases of that liberty. Thus we find William Godwin, in England (1793); Josiah Warren, Stephen Pearl Andrews and others, in America, at the end of the 20's; Proudhon, in France, in the 40's, and Max Stirner, in Germany (1845)—all original representatives of Individualist Anarchism, each advocating,—in his own manner and quite independently of the others—a system of individual sovereignty, of mutualism, of egoism. They reject all political systems based on majority rule,—so-called democracy,—as well as Authoritarian Communism based on State, or public, ownership of the land and means of production, now generally known as State Socialism. They want production to be freed from the fetters imposed by economic monopoly and maintained by governmental violence: rent, interest, profit, and taxes. They demand freedom of production for the individual and for the voluntary groups in unrestrained competition in the

open market. The principle of the "full product of one's labor" is maintained by securing to each, as his inalienable private possession, all that he is able to gain by competing against the whole field. The restrictions enforced in present society by monopoly—aided by its tool, the State—being eliminated, the equal opportunity of all must result in the equitable exchange of equal values. Nor does this system necessitate exclusive individual production, as its opponents claim; on the contrary, it leaves full scope for unlimited free co-operation with its resulting advantages. The principle of free competition between the various co-operative groups remains intact.

The deep significance of the ideas advocated by Godwin, Warren, Proudhon, and Stirner consisted in their opposition to the authoritarian and religious Communism of their time. The tendency of the latter was manifest in State Communism, regulating by law and rule every detail of private life, or in monastic Communism rooted in mere sentimentality; added to this was the spirit of political, centralized Jacobinism; only occasionally did the spirit of liberty manifest itself, as in Owen's advocacy of voluntary Communistic commonwealths, or in the far-reaching principles of Fourier. Under such conditions the severest criticism and condemnation of authoritarianism and the emphasizing of individual freedom were in themselves a liberating act, no matter as to the tenability of the temporary economic standpoint. For it is only liberty—untrammeled free development—that can serve as a safe foundation for further progress. That is far more important than mere economic conditions on which so much stress is usually laid. Liberty is the vital principle of every phase of our life, the economic included; conditions founded on compulsion cannot endure—no matter what the force that maintains them for the time being.

The further development of Anarchist theories therefore centered around the problem of harmonizing economic conditions with the basic principle of a free society. The idea of equitable and direct exchange repeatedly sought practical expression, as in the London Industrial Fairs, also in America and France. Similar ideas are still championed by the American, English, and

Australian Individualist Anarchists, as well as by some followers of Proudhon and Stirner. Our modern attitude, however, is opposed to these ideas on the ground that the requirements of competition would nullify the liberty of the producers; it is inevitable that producers, living under comparatively more favorable conditions, should gain an advantage over their competitors, thus laying the foundation of inequality; thence it is but a step to law and authority, to maintain—forcibly if necessary—advantageous inequality. But we cannot enlarge here upon this old polemic point.

The next step was the recognition of the collective ownership of land and the tools of production, as well as of the "full product of one's labor"—Collectivist Anarchism, as it is even now predominant in Spain. Originating in Switzerland and Belgium, this idea reached its highest development in the *Internationale,* during the latter part of the 60's and the beginning of the 70's. Its chief exponents were Bakunin, Guillaune, de Paepe, Warlin, and others. The most inspiring period of the young labor movement in the Central and Southern States of Europe (Germany and Austria always excepted) was closely connected with the development of this new tendency. In the middle of the 60's the *Internationale* was composed of Proudhonists (Mutualists), State Socialists (the then few personal followers of Marx), Bourgeois-Socialists (as we may call the Geneve politicians who dealt in ballots and compromises), Trades Unionists (in England), and of a certain really promising element, on which the future of the *Internationale* depended. This young element, believing to have found in Collectivism the long-looked for economic foundation of Mutualism, carried the gospel of Collectivist Anarchism and of the *Internationale* into the Jura, Southern France, Spain, Italy, and among the youth of the Slavic countries. In this they were greatly aided by Bakunin, whose wonderful ability as an agitator helped them to gain numerous adherents in Southern Europe, from Spain to Russia.

It is unnecessary to record here the bitter opposition, full of lies and intrigue, with which these young propagandists met. Not only were they fought by the bourgeoisie, but still more venomously by the State Socialistic,

political, Marxian Social Democracy. It was a struggle between the ideas of Federation, Collectivism (in the sense of that epoch), and Anarchism on one hand, negating bourgeois politics and propagating revolutionary methods, as against Centralization, State Ownership, and Authority, on the other, with their political, corrupting tactics. Only in Germany and Austria was the latter tendency temporarily successful. In the other countries, especially in Southern Europe, the Marxians soon became thoroughly discredited owing to the indescribably perfidious means of combating the Anarchism of the *Internationale.*

The theories of collective ownership admit of various conceptions. Is the community of a certain trade, or the directly producing group to own the tools of production? The manner of determining the "full value of one's product" is also an uncertain problem. Is the decision to be left to the majority vote of the whole community, or to that of the group, to the producer, or to free competition? According to individual inclination and conception, the above possibilities can be variously combined, and hence result different systems, some favoring State Socialism, others more akin to Individualist Anarchism.

The possibility of competition among the various groups, to the advantage and ultimate monopoly of the better situated ones, constitutes a danger which can be obviated by liberty alone; that is to say, by the complete freedom of joining any group, thus reducing—by the fact of enlarged membership—the superior advantages accruing to the individual members of a better situated group. But the principle of the "full value of one's product" necessitates competition, either through regulations and laws, or by direct coercion. Therefore the next evolutionary step of Anarchism is the repudiation of this principle and the declaration in favor of colective ownership, not merely in the tools of production, but also in the products of labor: Anarchist Communism.

The latter—which had already previously found its individual representatives, such as, for instance, Joseph Dejaque—began to be systematically propagated, since 1876, in the Italian *Internationale* and in Genf, gradu-

ally displacing the former Collectivist tendencies in Switzerland, France, and Italy. Its chief theoretic and literary exponents are Carlo Cafiero, Malatesta, Kropotkin, Reclus, and others; its main organ, *Temps Nouveaux,* formerly *Révolte* and *Révolté* in Genf and Paris, which publication (since 1879) together with its predecessors *Avant-Garde, Jura-Bulletin,* down to *Solidarité* and *Progress* of the year 1869, affords a survey over almost forty years of theoretic evolution.*

It is fruitless to seek a standard for the distribution of products, one to be equitable to all. A measure founded on the labor performed would be as unjust to the individual as imposible in its social application. Unjust to the individual, because such a standard would mean inequality for everyone. Impossible of social application, because the value of a product does not depend on labor alone, and cannot therefore be thus exclusively measured. The only possible standard is division according to individual need; that is, free consumption. This alone takes into account the differences of individual tastes and needs, the consideration of which is socially imperative. Free use, as the basis for consumption, coupled with the freedom of joining any group, as the principle of production, can alone guarantee liberty in the economic sphere. Though this position does not mark the finality of Anarchist evolution, it characterizes the modern attitude of Anarchist Communists.

Let us yet note in what direction this theory is being further developed. Foremost stands the growing assertion of the individual, of personality. Indeed, our chief aim is to create conditions under which the problem of life, of the mere necessaries, should not monopolize all one's time. The purpose is to afford the individual scope and opportunity for untrammeled development, to which free and rational co-operation is but a means. Collective production must therefore not be permitted to be-

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*For a more thorough study of the subject, especially for beginners, the following books and pamphlets are sugested: Anarchism and Communism, by Cafiero; Entre Paysons, by Malatesta; Paroles d'un Revolté and Conquest of Bread, by Kropotkin; Socialismo o Monopolismo, by Merlino; Moribund Society and Anarchy, by Jean Grave, etc.

come the main object, to fill man's whole life, its mechanism affecting all his activities. On the contrary, it should serve but to create worthier and more human conditions, giving the individual opportunity for further development. Only on such a foundation—when the free use of shelter, food, apparel, etc., has become as much a matter of course as is to-day the use of the streets or of the air (though even these the poor cannot freely enjoy)—only then could really free beings develop, emancipated men and women, able to appreciate in their proper light the teachings of a Stirner.

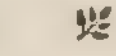
A further evolution of Anarchist thought concerns the tendencies manifest in the development of modern industry along these lines. Anarchism reaches the conclusion that production, in the future, will become decentralized and local. Naturally such a conception excludes the possibility of State Socialism. The Marxians, witnessing the gigantic modern combinations of capital, conclude that gradual centralization of industry will finally become concentrated in the hands of the State. In this, however, they confound the effects of capitalism and State-protected monopoly with the real development of production. In reality, however, industrialism is in a process of constant growth in the most distant lands, the tendency of individual countries, provinces, cities and towns to produce independently becoming daily more apparent. With the abolition of financial monopolies, stifling this development, the gradual equalization of industrial effort would receive a tremendous impetus. Equally so will the exhaustion of the recklessly exploited great industrial countries (America, Australia, etc.) result in the possibility and necessity of local, intensive agriculture. The larger population of the more fertile localities will tend to minimize individual advantages, which circumstance must necessarily lead to a more general application of agrarian chemistry and other scientific methods in the cultivation of the less productive districts. In this manner all essential differences will be gradually equalized; the most necessary things will be produced on the spot, and the people will grow to realize the absurdity of artificial centralization and regulation of local production.

It is not amiss to mention that modern Anarchist

views are in harmonious accord with science, literature, and art, and have found in these appropriate expression. It is also interesting to compare this significant fact with the entire barrenness of the Social Democracy along these lines. Indeed, the Socialist atmosphere of authority, bureaucracy, and political *Strebertum* kills every idealistic and spiritual aspiration in its very inception.

The question of the methods towards the realization of our aims we have not yet touched upon. They, too, have undergone a long process of evolution. Some of its more important phases are still a matter of lively discussion. The Anarchist attitude towards politics, the rejection of the ballot, and its propaganda of revolutionary activity, are known to most people. But one must first become familiar with the true essence of Anarchism, in order to qualify for intelligent participation in such discussions.

Compare this evolution of Anarchism towards a social organization guaranteeing ever greater individual liberty, with the Social Democracy and its complete demoralization into a middle-class, democratic, palliative, political State Socialism. Such a comparison cannot fail to accentuate the beneficial influence of liberty, on the one hand, and the corrupting effect of authority on the other. The question as to which of these tendencies will triumph can safely be left to the future.



THE FREE SPEECH FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA

(*Report.*)

ON Friday, Sept. 24, Mr. Reitman notified the Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, that Emma Goldman would deliver a lecture in this city during the coming week. Mr. Clay, the Director, answered by declaring that under no circumstances would he permit Miss Goldman to speak, and proceeded to hustle Mr. Reitman out of the office. The usual newspaper furore began: Odd Fellows' Temple was secured, and Miss Goldman announced to speak on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th.

The police threatened to stop not only Miss Goldman, but any one else who dared to say a word on the subject.

The Single Taxers meanwhile at their open-air meeting at the Plaza of the City Hall denounced the action of the Director and passed condemnatory resolutions. On Tuesday a committee of them visited the Director and informed him of their attitude, as a result of which, Mr. Clay addressed a letter to Mr. Reitman requesting the submission of Miss Goldman's manuscript to him, that he might determine what further action to take. This communication was met by an emphatic refusal on the part of counsel for the Free Speech Association, Henry John Nelson, declaring that any such action on the part of Miss Goldman would be to recognize a self-constituted censorship, wholly illegal. Thereupon the police were ordered to allow the meeting to proceed, but to prevent Miss Goldman from entering the hall.

Between three and four hundred uniformed men, accordingly, were sent to Odd Fellows' Temple to prevent one small woman from forcing her way into the hall. These men acted with their usual brutality, shoving and hustling men, women, and even little children about the street in a most insulting and brutal manner.

When Miss Goldman arrived, in company with Mr. Nelson, Timothy O'Leary, the prize ruffian of Philadelphia, commanded her in the words and tone of the hired "tough" which he is: "Go back where you came from. You can't come in here." Thus forced down the steps, and followed by a squad of police who would not allow her even to walk upon any street leading in the direction of the hall, Miss Goldman finally was allowed to go to her attorney's office, where it was determined to apply to the courts for an injunction the following day.

Meanwhile the meeting was proceeding, being addressed by Messrs. Robinson, Ryan, Hannon, and Guerrera, Single Taxers; Mr. Henderson, Socialist; Mr. Reitman and myself. The chairman, Mr. Munroe, put condemnatory resolutions, which were unanimously passed by the meeting.

The police stood two and three deep around the room, in the outer corridors, and double lining the street for a block, during the entire meeting. Most of the speakers

paid their compliments to the "guardians of law" with more or less directness; all insisted that it was no longer a question of Miss Goldman or her ideas, but of the right of free speech to all.

On Friday morning the hearing in the injunction case came before Judges Wilson and Audenried. At present writing no decision has been reached, and it is very problematical when it will be or what it will be. Anarchists are always met by the argument, "Use such means to obtain your rights as the law grants, and do not say you have no rights until these means are tried." Well, this time they are being tried, with what effect we shall see. Fair reports have been given by the *Ledger* and the *Record,* and one or two editorials strongly censuring the Director have appeared. A number of letters from citizens have also given voice to the sentiment of the constitutional element of the community. The mass, however, are indifferent.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

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IN JUSTICE TO LEON CZOLGOSZ

EDITOR OF PUBLIC LEDGER:

In the issue of your paper of the 6th instant, there appeared the following letter:

"Sir:—The fact that the assassin of William McKinley, under oath, swore that he attributed his act of crime to the utterances of Emma Goldman, is ground enough for preventing her speaking here. T. T. H."

Among decent people it is customary to ignore any printed accusation that is not signed in full.

However, I ask the courtesy of your paper, not for my defense, but for the benefit of your readers who, I take it, believe in hearing both sides.

T. T. H. states that the "assassin of William McKinley swore under oath that he attributes his act of crime to the utterance of Emma Goldman." It requires but little logic to see that T. T. H. speaks from hearsay and not from knowledge.

If the "assassin" had given any such sworn testimony, would not the authorities have confronted him with me, and would that not have been sufficient evidence, espe-

cially at that moment of popular frenzy, to hold me for trial, nay, even to send me to prison?

For the enlightenment of T. T. H. permit me to say that the State of New York employed 200 detectives and spent $30,000 to connect me with the "assassin." Evidently, they were leaving nothing undone to get sufficient evidence. Is it reasonable, then, to assume that sworn testimony, such as is referred to in the letter of T. T. H., would have been allowed to pass?

In justice to that victim of economic iniquity and social ignorance, Leon Czolgosz, I wish to state once for all, that he made no such statement, under oath or otherwise, nor had he ever claimed to be an Anarchist.

Leon Czolgosz made one statement when he was placed in the electric chair, and the good Christian Brothers, in their great Christian love attempted to draw a confession from their helpless victim.

They told him that Emma Goldman had denounced him as a worthless beggar, or something to that effect. "It makes no difference what she says, she knew nothing of the act," was the "assassin's" reply.

As to what else that boy may or may not have said, only his warders and the prison walls know.

Warders, in the sublime words of Oscar Wilde, "must set a lock upon their lips, and make their face a mask," and again,

> "Every prison that men build for men,
> Is built with bricks of shame
> And bound with bars, lest Christ should see
> How men their brothers maim."

No, the "assassin" has made no statements, nor could there be found even circumstantial evidence to connect me in any way.

Besides, I absolutely deny that utterances, no matter how incendiary, have ever induced any one to commit violence. Two conditions are necessary for such acts: First, a great social wrong that is undermining the liberties of a people. Secondly, a deep, sensitive social or individual psychology, incapable of enduring that wrong. Where these factors are lacking, one might preach violence from every housetop without the slightest result. On the other hand, where social conditions

outrage every sense of justice, violent acts are their natural results.

This brings me to the most vital point. Not Anarchism, the philosophy of social peace and harmony, nor Emma Goldman's speeches are responsible for the act of the "assassin" of William McKinley, but people like T. T. H., like those who are attempting to throttle free speech. In fact, all those who are maintaining and supporting a system which, as Thomas Paine said, "Sends old age to the workhouse and youth to the gallows."

No doubt T. T. H. means well, but he has much to learn. I suggest that he attend the Free Speech Meeting, Friday night, at the Labor Lyceum. He might lea there what liberty really means.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Philadelphia, Oct. 7th, 1909.

IN DEFENSE OF FREE SPEECH

THE police suppression of Emma Goldman in Philadelphia has resulted in a systematic campaign of agitation against the forces of reaction.

Single Taxers and other radicals have joined hands with the Anarchists in defense of free speech. A series of protest meetings is being arranged, in order to arouse the publice consciousness to the outrage upon the freedom of speech and assembly. The first meeting of the series took place Friday, October 8th, proving a most interesting and enthusiastic affair. Various speakers addressed the meeting, among them ex-Congressman Robert Baker, Frank Stephens, Voltairine De Cleyre, George Brown, Dr. Ben L. Reitman, and others. Leonard D. Abbott, Chairman of the Free Speech Committee, presided. Letters of sympathy and encouragement were read from prominent lovers of liberty from various parts of the country. Several of these communications are reprinted below. The complete report of the protest meeting will be published in our next issue.

Philadelphia, October 7, 1909.

DEAR ABBOTT:

I am glad you are to preside at the meeting to-morrow night. Our meeting is not called as a protest against

the State of Pennsylvania, but on behalf of the State of Pennsylvania. The victim of last week's mistake in Philadelphia was not Emma Goldman but the State of Pennsylvania. We know that Emma Goldman survived that incident unhurt. But who can say that the State of Pennsylvania survived that incident unhurt?

Our meeting is not inspired by an interest in one person or one idea. It belongs to all persons and all ideas. Anybody can stand oppression easier than the oppressor. Emma Goldman can stand the police administration of Philadelphia better than the State of Pennsylvania can stand the police administration of Philadelphia. In the arenas of free speech the last idea is as good as the first. The idea of one is as good as the idea of all. The ideas of minorities are as good as the ideas of majorities. It would be as much right for the one rebel to gag all the conformists as for all the conformists to gag the one rebel.

The police administration of Philadelphia stands for the club. We stand for thought and love. The police are always given the choice of weapons and sometimes they choose the weapon of barbarism. The man who trusts his brain and his heart so little that he appeals to the club in contests of the brain and the heart retains the vision of the savage and can enjoy no prestige in the courts of the soul. The trouble in Philadelphia is not so much the policeman as the police consciousness. And I may say that I am less interested in getting the people out of the hands of the policeman than in getting the police consciousness out of the brains of the people. And I may say that it's not half so sad to see the liberties of Philadelphia threatened as to see that there is no general protest against the threat. Not half so sad to see a few men misusing a few clubs as to see a whole community misusing a lot of brains. Not half so sad to know that a handful of misguided officials make a mockery of justice as to know that many thousands who would like to dare not join us in this protest. Not half so sad to have a little woman stopped by a big bluff from speaking as to have a whole city stopped by a little bluff from hearing. Not half so sad, my brothers. Not half so sad.

HORACE TRAUBEL.

MY DEAR LEONARD ABBOTT:

It has been decreed by "the wise fathers of this city" that I may not be with you to-night. Do you think Philadelphia will still be safe if I send you a message instead?

Henrik Ibsen said that the majority accepts a great truth only when it has become a lie.

Whosoever doubted Ibsen's deep understanding of the mass psychology had ample opportunity to be convinced in Philadelphia Tuesday, September 28th.

Ten thousand people came to a meeting at Odd Fellows' Temple, but because the majority has turned a great truth into a lie, free speech was stabbed in the heart, Tuesday evening, September 28th.

Life! liberty! happiness! The inalienable right to free thought and expression, in the old long ago, represented a truth for the unpopular few. A sublime truth, for which men gave their all. The penalty of that truth was death. Heroic, unflinching death!

Liberty, independence, free speech, free assemblage are now popular slogans, hailed and proclaimed by all. Liberty by the "grace" of the law, independence at the behest of gold, free speech at the mercy of the club. What mockery, what terrible absurdity.

Ibsen is right; the majority has accepted the truth only when it became a lie, a hideous, brazen lie.

It was that lie, more than the police department of Philadelphia, that made the outrage of September 28th possible.

Men had been known to shed their last drop of blood for a truth, but who would expect anyone to rise in rebellion for a lie?

That's why ten thousand people submitted supinely to the brutal force of police clubs.

I register my protest not against the gagging of my voice. Silence is more powerful than speech. I protest with all the ardor of my soul against the perpetuation of the majority lie.

Liberty fettered by law! Independence at the behest of gold! Freedom of expression at the mercy of the club!

I protest against this lie, against this hideous, brazen lie.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

New York, October 7, 1909.

Chairman National Free Speech Committee, Philadelphia.

MY DEAR MR. ABBOTT:—I most earnestly hope your meeting will be in every way a notable success, but above all that it will draw general attention to the gravity of the issue you represent. This is fundamental and vital to every citizen; everything else must stand aside until we get the questions settled whether we have any rights of free speech and whether a group of policemen have the power to suspend or nullify the Constitution at will. Because it is evident that if they can nullify one paragraph of the Constitution, they can nullify all paragraphs of the Constitution, and we suddenly find ourselves confronted with a situation in which we have practically no guarantee of any form of government higher than a policeman's club. And if the right of free speech, after all these generations of guaranteed existence, can be overthrown at the whim of a police commander (who is rightfully nothing but the hired man of the community) there is not one other right we are supposed to enjoy that cannot be similarly overthrown. We go back, therefore, to basic principles of liberty and life, and here in Philadelphia in the twentieth century actually face once more the conditions of arbitrary rule and irresponsible tyranny that mankind had supposed were abolished from the earth everywhere, except in darkest Russia and the jungles of Africa.

The right to think includes the right to think right and the right to think wrong. The right of free speech includes the right to speak what most men agree with and what most men disagree with. From these simple fundamental propositions there is no escape. The idea that freedom of speech means only freedom to express the opinion of the majority is the most grotesque and ribald nonsense that ever entered a human brain. Whatever Miss Goldman thinks, she has every constitutional, legal, normal, and moral right to utter. If what she utters violates the law she is responsible; the law prescribes what is then to be done; let the law take its course. But for a group of policemen to say in advance that she shall not utter her thought because her utterance is going to be of an illegal nature, is a usurpation of power intolerable

to civilization, utterly absurd, and indefensible. How under the sun do they know what she is going to say until she has said it? They might just as well arrest me to-day on the ground that ten years from now I am going to write a libel.

Every American ought to enter now his most solemn protest against the idea expressed in the action of the Philadelphia police, that the police have the slightest discretionary power to suspend the law or the Constitution, that they can grant or withhold at pleasure any right guaranteed to all freemen, and that they can deprive any person of his rights because they do not happen to like them. This is a country governed according to a formulated and agreed-upon declaration of rights and not by policemen. It is time we should remind ourselves of that fact.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

New York, October 8, 1909.

FRIENDS:—You are assembled to protest against the suppression of free speech. The Constitution gives the right of free speech to Emma Goldman, as well as to you, as well as to me, as well as to any man, woman, or child in the land. The Constitution may not be right in all things, but it is all right in this thing: that it gives to all the freedom to be heard.

And what is your protest? Against the police? Against the men behind the police? Should you not rather enter your protest against the apathy of every good citizen of Philadelphia who is not assembled with you to-night? That is my protest to-night. I protest against the indifference of that mass of thinking people, fair-minded and liberty-loving, as the word goes, who, knowing of this meeting, have not taken the pains to come here. Fair-minded people who say to themselves for excuse: *"Well, I am only one."*

You are "only one"; so you stay at home, good citizens of a great republic. You are "only one," and the wrongs are many, so never mind the fight!

Well, what if you are only one! One against the whole world is one too many for a world in the wrong. One

against the whole world is the way the struggle for liberty has gone forward since the beginning of history. Should we be indifferent, or fear defeat, then, because we are only one?

If not for the struggle of "only one" against "the world," where would be our much-vaunted freedom to fight for still greater liberty!

A universally recognized right is being wrested from the people. Were but each to protest, who hesitates because he is "only one" against a host, and America would be so fired with rebellion against the tyrannous suppression of free speech that not an industrial potentate or prostitute of the law anywhere, would dare silence the least of those they hound and persecute to-day.

Where is your fair play? You who have not raised your voice to-night? Do you think you can long maintain your own freedom who will not fight for a like measure of freedom for others?

It is the indifference of you who are staying at home to-night, that is robbing some of the people of their liberties, and will, if persisted in, finally rob you of your own.

ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

East Orange, N. J., October 7, 1909.

Leonard D. Abbott, Chairman National Free Speech Committee, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—Untiring vigilance is undoubtedly the price we must pay for liberty; the battles for freedom have to be perpetually waged; but I am amazed that in the shadow of Independence Hall and within sound of the old Liberty Bell, freedom of speech should be trampled upon as it has been trampled upon by the city officials sworn to uphold the laws and Constitution of State and Nation, and whose salaries are paid by all the people of Philadelphia to the end that these officials shall enforce the law and protect the rights of all persons found within the borders of the City of Brotherly Love.

Philadelphia is no mean city; she has a great *past;* 133 years ago she became as a city set on a hill; the Declaration of Independence was a torch that lighted the

world; the foremost English writer of history to-day has called it "the noblest of English documents."

With so great an heritage can the citizens of Philadelphia sit unmoved while the world outside jeers at her provincialism and actually laughs at the "pent-up Utica" which trembles before the philosophy of Emerson and Thoreau, of Herbert Spencer and Prince Kropotkin, as enunciated by a serious-minded and courageous little woman in spectacles.

Robert Burns wrote, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us."

The most widely known of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York lately used very significant words in commenting upon a similar situation in New York City, which has since been happily overcome through public opinion unmistakably manifested in the great protest meeting held in historic Cooper Union on June 30. These are the words of Justice Gaynor: "An official who sets himself above the law is more dangerous to the perpetuity of our institutions and to the public order and happiness than the worst criminal."

To me it seems impossible to take an exaggerated view of the importance of Free Speech. It is the most fundamental of rights. *Without* free expression for our thoughts all other rights become insignificant. If Emma Goldman should be seated on the platform at your Protest Meeting with a gag between her teeth and a policeman standing on each side of her, the terrible picture would express, without exaggeration, the reason why you are assembled with the sense of outrage sunk deep in your hearts.

I may claim next, after the American Indian, to be a real American. One of my forebears was concerned in the settlement of Virginia in 1607; another (whose name I bear) was the first of the passengers of the Mayflower to set foot on Plymouth Rock in 1620; another landed in Boston in 1630 as assistant to the first Governor; others were the original settlers and first proprietors in Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey. My ancestors, the descendants of these earliest immigrants to America, took part in all the struggles which led up to the Revolution and were fighters in that war, also in the war for the independence of the seas in 1812; they were pioneers across

the western plains, and fought to preserve the Union during the Civil War.

When I thus recall the struggles of these men I blush with shame to think that to-day it is possible, with such a record behind us, for public officials to be elected in a democracy, either so ignorant of the laws and of our history, or, which is vastly worse, so contemptuous of law and the Constitution that they dare to trample under foot our fundamental rights.

Sincerely yours,

ALDEN FREEMAN.

The following telegram was received from William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror:*

St. Louis, Mo., October 8, 1909.

Chairman Free Speech Meeting, Labor Lyceum, Philadelphia.

Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, but what is Constitution to a cop. He embodies authority's hostility to ideas which mean liberty.

If Miss Goldman's mind may be put in a bastile, the thought of anyone may be suppressed when it runs counter to privilege on its downy bed of ease, filled with feathers plucked from these geese, the people. Finding that a free speech fight is being made in Philadelphia—where earlier "Anarchists" formulated protests against tyranny—not necessarily for Emma Goldman's idea, but for her right and our rights to express any idea, with responsibility for consequences, every American should stand firm. If not, the end of liberty is come. No liberty without liberty of thought and expression. Down with "third degree" sweat-box program for the "crime" of thinking.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF FREE PRESS

By H. KELLY.

THAT certain forms of literature require certain types of mind, or shall we say standards of minds, for their understanding is a truism. It is therefore quite certain that the "Free Press Anthology*" compiled by Theo. Schroeder, will never be rated among our "best sellers." The present volume is composed of essays on free speech from the time of Milton to the present day, and the names of Spinoza, Mill, Spencer, Huxley, Bentham, Lecky, and others of similar character are among the essayists. That these essays have not been widely read, and, when read, but imperfectly understood even by educated men—educated in the narrow sense— can easily be seen from the letters and articles published here by public men and leading newspapers in reference to the case of John Turner, or the position of the Censor of Plays in England. Our Edward M. Sheppards, De Witt Warners, and other public men protested against John Turner's deportation from this country, not because they believed in free speech unabridged, but because they felt Mr. Turner was rather an educated man, mild of manner, and not likely to say anything very dreadful. In England, according to the latest cable reports, the censorship is likely to be extended rather than curtailed, as a result of recent agitation, which goes to prove that prophets are not appreciated any more in their own country than they are here. It is fifty years since John Stuart Mill wrote his famous essay on "Liberty," and thirty years since Herbert Spencer wrote "Principles of Ethics," both of which from a philosophic standpoint are incontrovertible; yet they are but little read and less understood. Most of the essays compiled in the Anthology are classics in the purest sense and will never become popular, as we understand the term. They are imperishable, however, and will remain mines wherein the student, thinker, or orator may quarry with the assurance of finding gems of priceless value if he but persevere.

That freedom of speech is an unpopular subject in spite of the hack politician and patriotic historian is

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* The Truth Seeker Co., New York.

proved by Mr. Schroeder's statement that in a library containing 250,000 volumes he found only two items indexed under the heading of free speech and press, and in smaller libraries nothing at all. However much we may like to deceive ourselves on this point, it is impossible to deny that unabridged freedom of speech and press is as rare as radium, and twice as costly if judged by the persecution and ostracism of the few who espouse it. For ages these terms were used in a purely theological sense, one religious sect persecuting another and both suppressing the unbeliever. If anyone thinks even this fight has been fought and won it is well to remember that persecution for plasphemy under the term obscenity is not at all uncommon in this the most irreligious of all countries, as well as in England, where speech is freer than anywhere in the world. Anti-Anarchist laws remain on our statute-books by the tacit consent of the people, making it a crime to advocate the thing which gave birth to this republic: "The overthrow of government by force and violence." The persecution of people for obscenity by our prurient lawmakers is so common it is unnecessary to dwell on it at length here. Mr. Schroeder in his own essays deals for the most part with the question of obscenity which, as he truly remarks, is a state of mind, impossible of clear definition. He spans the bridge between free speech limited and unlimited, declaring for the right to speak one's mind even to the extent of advocating crime, leaving it to the law afterward to establish direct connection between the one who advocates and the one who acts. To most people thus will appear a far-fetched doctrine; to ourselves it is the only logical position to take, and anything less than that is mere trifling with the question. We welcome the present volume because it puts in compact form the best thought of several centuries on the most vital question affecting man's welfare, the thing that differentiates us from the lower animals: the right to think and, thinking, act. We were stimulated by its reading and exalted by its sentiments. We feel indebted for its publication and wish it a wide circulation.

THE WOMAN AND THE POET

By FLOYD DELL.

THE woman at my side pointed to one of the delicate vases that sat clustered together where they had a few minutes before been brought from the annealing furnace. "How beautiful it is!" she said.

One of the workmen, he under whose breath and hands we had just seen take form one creation after another of shimmering grace, glanced keenly at the vase as she spoke, and stopped for a single instant to take it up in his fingers; then he smiled and said, "But it is flawed."

The glow from the furnaces that bathed us in its lucent flood touched and caressed the condemned vase and lit up within its depths a thousand fairy torches—fires that brought up from out the earth in cobalt and copper and gold invested with their own warmth the cold clear crystal in whose embrace they were held fast, and made the whole tingle with seeming life; it was the incarnation of some rare emotion. And yet he who knew said that it was flawed.

Certainly it was beautiful. It was as beautiful as the body of the woman beside me, her white gown grown in the light of the furnace like the petals of a crimson flower; beautiful as her soul, that was apparent to me of a sudden as she slowly turned her eyes to meet mine and bent her lips in a slight mysterious smile, in an exhalation like the flower's perfume, subtle, volatile, not to be seized upon.—But flawed!

"Come," she said, and pressed my arm, shivering in despite of the furnace's glow, as if with an intuitive perception of my thought. "Let us go." And as I went I thought of the chances of the molten stuff in its transformation under the hands of the workman, at the mercy of unseen forces beyond the reach of human skill in one process after another, from the whirling globe quivering at the end of the blowing-iron and yielding to the impress of pucellas and marver, to the final shape at rest in the quiescence of the annealing furnace, ready to come out into the shock and jostle of the world. Then I looked again at the woman at my side, as we passed from the door of the glass-house into the coolness of the moonlit night, and whispered to myself, "But beautiful!"

I wondered if I would ever have the courage to take up this woman's soul in my fingers as the workman had that shapely thing of glass, and handling it tenderly even as a vase, admit to myself the justice of the sentence: "Flawed." We had entered a great park, through the shaded walks of which we passed slowly. I looked at her, a white shape in the dusk, an ethereal odor among the wind-blown perfumes of the night. I stopped, submerged by a wave of tenderness. "Kiss me!" I said.

She came close and pressed her mouth against mine; I drew her tightly against me and held her for a long time in the sheath of my arms, but we did not tremble nor grow faint; and at last I released her and walked on, clear-eyed. The kiss was confiding, comforting, complete; it held in it no throb of passion, no stinging sense of unfulfillment, nothing to allure or inspire, to make desperate or defiant of the gods. It opened up no new horizons, hinted of no hidden seas or undiscovered worlds. A poet it could not long content; for the poet is drawn by invisible golden threads toward the mellowest orchards in the garden of life, and may not linger long by the wayside for the bitter roots that grow among the wild grasses. The poet is doomed to the horror of silence unless he commune with equal souls. And this soul,—beautiful and fragile and dear,—was flawed.

We stopped, seating ourselves on a rustic bench. My arm was about her, and I could feel against my side the steady rise and fall of her bosom as she breathed. Her face was very white and sweet; but I was looking off to the whiter face of the moon, haloed about with a mystic effulgence and throned on a royal bank of clouds that hardly stirred under the touch of the breezes that swept faintly past us. I was forcing myself to be cruel—to tear up from their beds in the dark the pale-stemmed flowers of my lady's thoughts, the rare drooping blossoms of emotion, and look at them for what they were. Was there anything here that I could call love? Was there anything akin to generosity, daring, enthusiasm, sympathy?

"What are you thinking of?" she asked, a little troubled at my silence. "Of you," I said, and she smiled the pleased smile of a child.

What is the texture of my lady's soul? Is it richly-

woven cloth-of-gold, or fine-spun silk, or some rougher, cruder fabric,—or perhaps the misty gossamer that clothes the fields at morn, to be torn and violated with a touch? Nevertheless, I said, I shall thrust in my hand and see.

"What are you thinking about me?" she asked, a little petulantly, turning to me a face like the face of a flower heavy with dew. "Is it nice?"

"I was wondering why you like me," I said. But even as I wondered, I knew; for the rise and fall of her bosom as it rested against my side, her happy breathing upon my cheek, had suddenly been transformed into the purring of a magnificent Persian cat, which had climbed upon my knee because I of all the world would soonest turn aside from my work to pet and caress it. For a moment the vision lasted, and then momentarily again I hated myself for my unkindness. But the truth stayed with me, was not to be destroyed or forgotten; and all the beautiful phrases that she might coin in a happier mood would never be able to blind me to the fact that it was not the essential I, the poet, the interpreter of the world to the minds of men, that my lady valued: only the lavisher of caresses, and words, and glances with the quality of a caress, the maker of sleek bright lies wherein to clothe her soul's nakedness, the bringer of tribute of rich, strange fruit of admiration and desire wherewith to feed her soul's hunger.

"You are not often like this," she said. "Perhaps that is one reason why I like you." In her voice I could discern sounding dully amidst the music of her words the note of jealousy—as though divining the import of my thoughts she hated them, but with a hatred sunk in weariness and submission. It was a confession, a lowering of the battle-banner, a token of failure. I saw it all, knew it well, but it was not to my mind: so I turned again toward her beauty with an open heart, and clasped her head with its cloud of perfumed hair against my breast, hearing as for the first time intermixed with the ancient love-song of the toads in the dim ponds behind us, the dim and tranquil passage of her breath. She seemed a part of the night, one with its immemorial sounds and odors, akin to its each faint color and mystic stillness. Beautiful she was: and I—did I love her?

The answer came in a moment: No—for I have sounded her depths; she has no deeper joy to yield, nothing to give me beyond this hour.

"Kiss me," she said.

As our lips met I demanded passionately of myself the proof of these charges that would make this kiss perhaps our last. Wherein lay her failure? I knew that she was, to me, sincere—in flash after flash of desperate or tender revealment she had opened to my gaze the utmost regions of her soul. But I knew, too, that there was something in her life that she herself dared not face, that she kept carefully hidden away from consciousness, before which when a word or look threatened its unveiling her spirit crouched in an agony of terror. The shamefulness of this something was not to be conveyed by any words of definition—at the utmost if could perhaps be stated as a sordid acquiescence in bondage; but it was to be known and understood from the poison which it spread through every vein of her life. Met and faced, it could have been only a sad and hateful fact, accepted because it seemed an absolute condition of existence; but flinched from and obscured, it repaid her dishonesty by dominating and obsessing her, by becoming an unforgetable subterranean horror.

Life itself had been infected by the taint: and from life as it became unbearably real she fled now and again to a dim place of dreams. Music and literature and art, all things I loved because of their deep and intimate relation to life, were to her the subtle wines with which she intoxicated herself so as to forget life.

Even her rebellion had partaken of the taint. Our kisses had from the first thrilled her with no quality within themselves—rather by virtue of an unrelated fact, the circumstance that they were secret and unallowed. I had told her of my desire because to me the yearning of my being to mix itself with hers was something fair and good; and she had listened, because the telling had for her a certain flavor of wickedness.

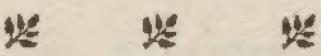
But most of all had the poison corroded her mind in regard to sex. There was for her nothing here of wonder and delight, nothing of loveliness frank and avowed; but only the muddy depths of mysterious vulgarity, lit up

perhaps at times by a patch of light caught from the Sidonian moon.

"Where will you be to-morrow?" she asked suddenly. "I don't know," I answered. I thought inwardly—on the other side of the world. For the winds were calling, and the stars, and the song of the toads in the dim ponds behind us had changed to a low croon of farewell. I knew that a great happiness was in store for me somewhere, and I must go forth to meet it.

She rose. "Kiss me," she said, in a strange voice; "we may never see each other again."

A great flood of tenderness enveloped me. I clasped her close, so that I could feel the beating of her heart, and the blue veins in all her limbs kissed and stung me; then I pressed my mouth against hers, and drank its coolness in a long, long draught.



BOOKS RECEIVED

THE LOGIC AND ECONOMICS OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE. Guy A. Alfred. Bakunin Press, London.

MILITARISM AND REVOLUTION. Guy A. Aldred. Bakunin Press, London.

FREE SPEECH ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by Theodore Schroeder. Truth Seeker Pub. Co., New York.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A CON MAN. Will Irwin. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

PATRIOTISM (?) VS. TRUTH. Wm. C. Owen, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. Hutchins Hapgood. Revised edition. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Lorenzo Sears. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

Owing to lack of space, contributions to the Free Speech Fund will be acknowledged in our next issue.

Books to be had through MOTHER EARTH

210 E. 13th ST., NEW YORK.

Anarchist Communism. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

Fields, Factories, and Workshops. By Peter Kropotkin. ..... **25c.**

Conquest of Bread. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$1.00**
Postage, 10c.

Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. New Edition..... **$1.00**
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Mutual Aid. By Peter Kropotkin..... **$2.00**

The State: Its Rôle in History. By Peter Kropotkin..... **10c.**

An Appeal to the Young. By Peter Kropotkin..... **5c.**

In Defence of Free Speech. Five Essays. By B. O. Flower, Rev. Eliot White, Louis F. Post, and Theodore Schroeder ..... **5c.**

Schopenhauer in the Air. By Sadakichi Hartmann.. **10c.**

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